

1
Sir *Roger de Coverly*;

O R,

The Merry CHRISTMAS.

A Dramatic Entertainment of
Two ACTS.

By Mr. DORMAN.

K

— *semper liberalissimus, munificentissimus-
que fuit.* Cic.



DUBLIN:

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MDCCXL.

10. [Illegible text]

MANUSCRIPT



T H E P R E F A C E.

THAT this worthy old Gentleman, Sir Roger De Coverly, might undergo no Manner of Hardships, I have conducted him, quietly, into the Mansions of his Friends, where he will be treated with all the Gentleness, Candour, and Good-Nature he can possibly wish for. He will have the Ear and Affections of some of the honestest Men in the Nation: And many a pretty Lady will be closeted with the Knight. And so they may, without the least Reflection on their Conduct, for he's full as harmless as a Child in the Month, and wou'd not, for the World, attempt to make them laugh, at the Expence of either Morality or Good-Breeding. Whether or no such a Character will please the Generality of People, I am, indeed, at a Loss to guess. But sure I am, that how much soever it might delight, no Character, that tends to lead from the Ways of Wisdom, Decency, and Virtue, should ever be exhibited but to be reform'd, or punished.

D R A-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir Roger De Coverly.
The Spectator.
Will. Wimble,
Chaplain.
Butler, &c.

W O M E N.

Miss *Wimble*.
Suky a Farmer's Daughter,
Housekeeper.
Neighbours, &c.



Scene, *Coverly-Hall* in *Worcestershire*.

Sir



Sir Roger de Coverley :

O R

The Merry Christmas, &c.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A large Country-Hall stuck with
Holly and Bays.*

Enter Sir Roger, talking to the House-keeper.

Sir Roger.

BE sure, *Prudence*, you take care to let us have Plenty to-day — Beef, Pudding, Plumb-Porridge, and Mince-Pies in Abundance. — My honest Neighbours love them ; and to-day's the Day they make me happy.

Prudence. The Day your Honour makes them so, rather, Sir.

Sir Roger. That's what I mean, *Prudence*. The making them happy makes me so too. I'm always delighted at the Felicity of others ; but more especially, if I my self have been the Cause on't.

Prud. Best of Men ! [*Aside.*] I'll take Care, Sir Roger, to order every thing to your Liking.

Sir Rog. Be sure you let there be enough, and of the best, that no one may go away hungry or displeased, tho' the whole Parish should make me a Visit.

Pru. I will, Sir.

[*Going.*]

Sir Rog. Stay, *Pru*, stay — I ha'n't discharged my Debt to you yet.

Pru.

Pru. Debt, Sir ! I'm sure your Honour owes me nothing.

Sir Rog. Yes, but I do, *Pru.* ——— You have been more than ordinarily careful this Year, and I'll be more than ordinarily liberal. I always gave you one Guinea, you know, for your *Christmas-Box* ; but, now, there's a couple. [*Gives her Money.*

Pru. Thank your Honour. [*Curtesies often.*

Sir Rog. Enough, enough. Send the Butler to me.

Pru. I will Sir. [*Exit Prudence.*

Sir Rog. (*to himself.*) There's one cheerful Heart made — How easily it's done ! and how joyful it is to do it !

[*Miss Wimble and Suky run cross the Hall.*]

Hark'e, hark'e, *Miss Wimble, Suky*, whether so fast, I pray you ?

Miss Wimble. *Sir Roger*, good Morrow — I didn't see you, Sir — Why *Suky* and I are going to look out for my Brother *Will* — If he shou'd disappoint us, *Sir Roger*, I'll never forgive him. — I've got the Part I'm to act in the Entertainment at Night ; and they tell me I shine in't. — If we don't shew ourselves, *Sir Roger*, you know, what signifies shining ?

Sir Rog. He's to play in't himself — He'll come, my Dear, to be sure.

Miss Wimble. If he don't, *Sir Roger*, I'll put on Breeches, and do his Part too.

Suky. So would I, rather than not have the Play ; for I like the Play *Sir Roger*, prodigioufly — 'Tis a pretty Play ! a singing Play a dancing Play ! a comical little Play as ever I saw ! — Law, I shou'd like of all things, to be a Player ! They're so fine, and so merry, and so — Sure a *London Player's* a charming thing ! — Well, *Miss*, Iha'n't we see if we can see Mr. *Wimble* ? It's a pure frosty Morning ! The Run will do us Good.

Miss Wimble. Ay, come — *Sir Roger*, your Servant.

[*Exeunt Miss and Suky.*

Sir Rog. B'ye, Madcaps ! — In their young Blood ! — I was as wild my self once.

Enter

Enter Butler.

So, Ned——Well, you'll get some of the best Ale tap'd——And give our Friends to understand, that *Worcestershire* is behind no Shire in *England* in its *March* and *October*.

Ned. They know that already, an't please your Honour. Ah, Sir, wou'd to Heaven there were more *Sir Roger de Coverleys* in the Nation! Complaints, then, wou'dn't be so common, in the Neighbourhoods of Great Houses, that they never see their Landlord's Face——That they never warm their Fingers by his Fire——Nor can get a Sup of his Beer, tho' they were perishing with Thirst.——*England*, Sir, isn't like what it was——Its Hospitality decays——Its Quality-Folks are all Show——Their Cupboards are lockt up, and their Strong Beer Barrels are all Drums.

Sir Rog. Go, go, tap the Ale. And——

Ned. 'Tis tap'd already, Sir. And I believe there isn't better in *England*, *Scotland*, *Ireland*, or the Town of *Berwick* upon *Tweed*. 'Tis smooth as Oil, as brown as a Chestnut, and makes one as merry——

Sir Rog. As what, Ned? Out with the Simile, I pray thee. As merry as what?

Ned. As your Honour's Chaplain does, when he condescends to tell us an old Story.

Sir Rog. Good! Ay, as worthy a Creature as breathes, and no body tells a Story better——Send him to me. Dost hear, Ned?

Ned. I will Sir.

[*Going.*

Sir Rog. Stay, honest Ned, take your *Christmas* Box with you. [*Gives him Money.*] And be sure you remember, in the midst of your Jollity, to keep within Bounds. Be merry and wise. The Man that gets drunk incurs my Displeasure.

Ned. And sooner than do that, my ever honour'd Master, I'd lose both Hands.

Sir Rog. I believe thou wou'dst. Go, desire Mr. *Worthy* to step hither.

Ned. I will, Sir.

[*Exit Ned.*
Sir

Sir Rog. A Rogue, how arch and satirical he was upon the Depravity of the Times !—Thou hast made 'em all Wits [*Looking at a Picture.*] My Men are all Wits, and my Maids too. — Dear *Spec* ! [*Looking stedfastly at it.*] There's Instruction in thy very Look. *Kneller*, I love thee — Thou hast made me a small Amends for the Absence of a Friend, by giving me something as like him as human Art can copy the divine.

Enter Mr Worthy the Chaplain.

Mr. *Worthy*. Sir *Roger*, good Morrow. I hope you slept well ; and that your ill Luck gave you no Uneasiness in your Dream.

Sir *Rog*. Ill Luck, Man ! Why, thou only won't the odd Game.— But I will be reveng'd on you instantly. Come, you shall give me my Revenge this Moment.

Mr. *Wor*. With all my Heart, Sir *Roger*.

Sir *Rog*. You've distributed my Mite to my poor Neighbours, Sir ?

Mr. *Wor*. I have, Sir *Roger*. — A Guinea a-piece to ten Families ; and they return you ten thousand Thanks.

Sir *Rog*. They are welcomer to it than my strong Box ; and I had rather see it sparkle in their Faces, than on my own Fingers. Money Mr. *Worthy*, in my Opinion, never appears to so much Advantage, as when it enlivens the Countenance of the Indigent.

Mr. *Wor*. All good Men think with you, Sir *Roger*.

Sir *Rog*. O, the Tables are here already. Come, have at you. [*They set the Tables*] Mind your Hits, Mr. *Worthy*, and save your Bacon, if you can.

Mr. *Wor*. I'll do my best, Sir *Roger*, I promise you. [*They throw for the Dice.*] The Throw's yours, Sir.

Sir *Rog*. (*throws.*) Sixes ! Come, no bad Beginning.

Mr. *Wor*. (*throws*) Duce-Ace ! This will never do.

Sir *Rog*. (*throws.*) Fours too ! Holiday-throwing, indeed ! Mr. *Worthy*, I fancy I'm in Luck to day.

Ned.

[Enter Ned in a great Hurry.]

Ned. Sir, Sir, here's the Gentleman that spent a Month with your Honour some time ago! The Reading-Writing good Gentleman, that knew every Thing, and said nothing!

Sir Rog. My Dear Spectator! — Where? Sirrah, where? Let me bring him in my Arms. [Enter Mr. Spectator,] My worthiest Friend, a thousand Welcomes. [They embrace most affectionately.] Run Ned, go, make a Toast in an Instant, and bring Sack. —

[Exit Ned.]

[Mr. Spectator and Mr. Worthy compliment]

Sir Rog. This is so vastly kind.

Mr. Spec. Of you to entertain me, Sir Roger. The Kindness is all on your Side.

Sir Rog. Kind to entertain you? A Prince might be proud to do it. — He's an Ornament to the Nation, and they'll bring him nothing to drink. — Why, Ned — (calls) (enter Ned with a Toast and a Bottle and Glasses) come, fill, Ned fill — Give it my Friend, he's cold and fatigu'd.

Mr. Spec. Give me Leave to pledge —

Sir Rog. Drink, Dear Sir. I'll pledge you.

Mr. Spec. My humble Service to you, Sir Roger — Mr. Worthy, your good Health And a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to us all (they bow and thank)

Sir Rog. (to himself.) How well he looks! How courteously he speaks! Some People say he's proud and morose — but they ought to be hang'd. — They're Enemies to Learning, to Politeness, and Humanity that harbour a slighting Thought of him.

Mr. Spec. The best Sack, Sir Roger, I ever tasted.

Sir Rog. I'll settle an Annuity for Life then upon the Man that sold it me. (Mr. Spectator bows.) Come, Ned, give me a Bumper. — Sir, my hearty Service to you. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year — and you're welcome to Coverly-Hall with all my Soul.

Mr. Spec. Sir Roger, I thank you —

Sir Rog. (drinks) I won't be thank'd. — Thank me no more, I beseech you. — He confers an Honour

nour upon me here, that a Quarter'd Knight wou'd give his Ribbon for ; or the finest Lady in London her finest Commode, and thank me for receiving it ! — No — I thank you you, Sir. — With most abundant Gratitude I thank you. — Your Company to me is inestimable. (*Mr. Spectator bows.*) Why I reverence you, Sir —

Mr. Spec. You're vastly obliging, Sir Roger ; but somewhat too complimentary for an old Acquaintance, methinks.

Sir Rog. I an't, I an't — But if you think I am, I beg your Pardon — Play-fellow, come, won't you drink my Friend's Health ? (*to the Chaplain.*)

Mr. Wor. With all my Heart, Sir Roger. (*Ned fills.*) Many and happy Days to you, Sir. — And the like to you, Sir Roger.

Sir Rog. (*pulling Mr. Spectator by the Sleeve.*) As worthy a Body that same Divine of mine, as ever cuff'd a Cushion. He's every Thing I like — Very knowing — Very modest — Has an excellent Voice and loves Backgammon.

Mr. Spec. I know him to be as deserving a Man as lives, Sir Roger, and am rejoic'd he has met with so indulgent a Patron.

Mr. Wor. (*Having drank.*) The Sack is very fine indeed.

Sir Rog. I reckon Ned don't love Sack — dost Ned ? [*Ned bows and looks foolish.*] Suppose thou should'st drink thy old Benefactor's Health, wou'd it hurt thee, think'st thou, Ned ?

Ned. I'll try, if your Honour pleases.

Sir Rog. Do Ned.

Ned. [*Fills.*] Sir, here's my humble Love, and Duty, and Obedience, and Service to your Honour. — And you're as welcome to Coverly-Hall, Sir, as ever Sun-shine was to Hay-maker ; or my Master's Presence at a Quarter-Sessions. [*Drinks*]

Mr. Spec. I thank thee, honest Ned, I thank thee.

Sir Rog. Hark'e, Ned, send the House-keeper to me — And, d'ye hear. [*Whispers.*]

Ned.

Ned. I will Sir.

[Exit Ned bowing.]

Sir Rog. Well, Sir, and how, ——— and which Way? And, Lord, I have a thousand Questions to ask you; and don't know which to give the Preference to. ——— Did you come in your own Coach, or the Stage, Sir?

Mr. Spec. The Stage, Sir Roger ——— I was set down at about a Quarter of a Mile off, and hurry'd the rest of the Way, with all the Eagerness I cou'd, to shake my generous old Acquaintance by the Hand.

[They shake Hands]

Sir Rog. Kind Heart! ——— Well, what will you have to stay your Stomach till Dinner? Speak, do ——— be free I beg of you, My House, and all that's in it are as much yours as my own.

Mr. Spec. Nothing more Sir Roger for the World.

[Enter Housekeeper.]

Sir Rog. D'ye see who's there, Madam? Your best Curtsey ——— go, you Baggage!

Pru. [Goes to Mr Spectator.] Your Honour's welcome, to *Worcestershire*. [Curtseys.] And I hope your Honour's in good Health.

Mr. Spec. Very well I thank you, Mrs. Prudence. And the better to see you so.

[She curtsies much]

Sir Rog. [To the Chaplain.] Superlatively civil! He's the best bred Man in the World ——— Hark'e, Prudence. [She goes to Sir Roger] Let the best Sheets be air'd; and the best Bed made. ——— And d'ye mind me? Put the Piece of Plate that was design'd for the Widows Use under it: He deserves it better than she did, I'm sure, a jilting Gypsey! ——— But be sure above all Things, you see the Sheets well air'd. If we shou'd hurt him the Nation will suffer: He's a publick Good, and must be taken great Care of.

Pru. I'll take Care, Sir, that every Thing is as it should be.

[Exit Prudence curtsying much.]

Mr. Spec. [Having been talking apart to the Chaplain.] I'm afraid Sir Roger, you are giving your Family Trouble upon my Account. I beg you'd treat me without Ceremony; for I shall never have the Plea-

sure

sure of another visit to you, unless I'm thoroughly satisfied that my Company is no Ways burthensome.

Sir *Rog.* Talk not of Trouble, Dear Sir.———
Wou'd you have me lay my best Friend in a Hay loft?
Or bury him alive, like facetious Sir *John Falstaffe*, in
Linnen? No, no, you shall lye warm, and a little
cleanly, and that's all the Ceremony we'll use.

Mr. *Spec.* I hope it is, Sir *Roger*———Well,
Sir, how does your Friend *Will. Wimble* do? When
did you see him?

Sir *Rog.* I heard from him Yesterday; and expect
him here to Day. We are to have a little Dramatic
Entertainment at my House to Night, you must know,
a Friend of *Will's* in *London*, is the Author, and has
sent it down to make us merry these Holidays. *Will*
is to do a Part in it himself; and his Sister, and a Far-
mer's pretty Daughter, and some of my own Servants
make the Set of Actors complete.———But if you
don't approve of the Diversion, Sir, we'll get into a
Room by ourselves, and talk of our old Acquaintance.

Mr. *Spec.* By no Means, Sir *Roger*.———Nobody ap-
proves of Dramatick Performances better than I do,
provided the Wit is decent, and the Design useful.

Sir *Rog.* Mr *Worthy* likes this Thing mightily.

Mr. *Spec.* Then I'm sure it's good.

Mr. *Wor.* You do me a great deal of Honour, Sir.

Sir *Rog.* I reckon some of 'em are rehearsing, Mr.
Worthy, I wish you'd be so kind as to see how they
go on, a little———

Mr. *Wor.* I will Sir *Roger*. [Exit Mr. *Worthy*.]

Sir *Rog.* I'd have 'em as perfect, methinks, as pos-
sible in their Parts, for, really there's as much owing
to the Player, in the Pleasure these Things affords us,
as to the Poet.———What's a *Foppington* without
a *Cibber*? Or a Sir *Harry Wildair* without a *Wilkes*?
Nothing at all.———Mere, indifferent, common
Characters, that a Man may sit and sleep at.

Mr. *Spec.* Very true, Sir *Roger*. But pray——
what is this Piece call'd that we're to be entertain'd
with to Night, Sir?

Sir

Sir. Rog. *A Touch upon Taste; or the Raree-Shew.*

Mr. Spec. Something smart upon the Times, I reckon.——I like the Title very well.——You us'd to love a Frolick of this Kind, Sir Roger, in your younger Days: Do you make one of the *Dramatis Personæ* yourself?

Sir Rog. Psha——I know you'll laugh at the old Fool, you will so.——Why I did design to do the Part of the Master of the Shew; but upon your coming I sent Word to my Steward to get it; 'tis an easy Part, and he'll do it very well.

Mr. Spec. I dare say you'd do it a great deal better, Sir Roger.

Sir Rog. Come, don't jeer your old Acquaintance; don't you.——I know you're a Wag when you set upon't.——A very great Wag when you set upon't.——No.——You, and I'll croud in among the rest of the People, and look on. Tho' I may have a Word with 'em too, perhaps, when Occasion offers; for the Thing, you must know, is so contriv'd, that the Audience may put in their Oar, every now and then, without interrupting the Performance.—Ha!——I thought I heard *Will. Wimble's* Whistle. So it was——Here he comes. [*Enter Will. Wimble*] Neighbour *Billy* your Servant. [*They shake Hands.*]

Will. Wim. Sir Roger, your Servant.

Sir Rog. Don't you know this Gentleman, *Billy*?

Will. Wim. Sir, I'm your most obedient Servant.——You're welcome to *Worcestershire*, Sir——I hope you enjoy your Health, Sir.

Mr. Spec. Very well, Mr. *Wimble*, I thank you.

——I hope you are well.

Will. Wimble. At your Service, good Sir, I return you Thanks.

Sir Rog. You met the Girls, I suppose.

Will. Wim. I did, Sir Roger——They came back with me, and are gone up to dress.

Sir Rog. Well, what will you drink, *Billy*? (*calls Ned.*)

Will.

Will. Wim. I'll call him, Sir Roger—Eve a louder Voice in my Pocket than yours.

[*Pulls out a Whistle and Whistles*]

Sir Rog. (To himself) A louder Voice in his Pocket.—Very good ! [*Enter Ned*]

Will. Wim. A Cup of your Christmas Ale, pray *Ned*.

Ned. You shall have it, Sir. [*Exit Ned*.]

Will. Wim. (to Sir Roger) I shall be aſham'd to act before the Gentleman:—He's ſo great a Critick, one don't know how to ſpeak before him.

Sir Rog. The beſt-natur'd Man in the World.

Will. Wim. I'm glad on't—(*Goes to Mr. Spectator*) Sir, if you pleaſe to accept of a little Piece of my Handywork—You're as welcome as a Prince. [*Gives him a Tobacco-Stopper.*]

Mr. Spec. Mr. Wim. I thank you: It comes in very good Time. I loſt mine out of my Pocket this very Morning. I'll keep it for your Sake, Sir. [*Will. bows.*]

Will. Wim. (to Sir Roger) So he is, Sir Roger, prodigious good natur'd—I ſhall do my Part manfully now.

Enter Ned. Come, *Ned*, give me the Cup.—Sir, here's my hearty Service to you; and wiſh you a merry Christmas, and a happy new Year—And as many of 'em, Sir, as you pleaſe to deſire —And the ſame to you Sir Roger.

Both. Thank you, Mr. *Wimble*.

Will. Wim. Will you pleaſe to drink, Sir. [*to Mr. Spec.*]

Mr. Spec. Not a Drop, Sir, I thank you.

Will. Wim. Nor you, Sir Roger?

Sir Rog. Not a Drop, *Billy*.

[*Ned takes the Cup, and exit.*]

Sir Rog. Come Gentlemen, there's a good Fire in the next Room, and I believe it's a'moſt Dinner-time too. [*Looks on his Watch.*] Ay, They'll want to lay the Cloth here.—Are the Fiddlers come, I wonder ! *He goes to the Door and calls,* [*Fiddlers*]— [*Enter a Couple.*] You may play while we're at Dinner, here, any where within Reach of our Ears.

Fiddlers. In the Entry, Sir Roger, if you pleaſe.

Sir Rog. Ay, do so. — You'll excuse their Performance, Sir. [*To Mr. Spectator.*] They are none of the first Hands, indeed; but as useful Musicians, I believe, as we have in *England*. — That honest Fellow with one Eye, there, is an excellent Thatcher; and poor hopping *Tom* kills all the Moles in the Parish.

Mr. Spec. Useful Musicians indeed, *Sir Roger*.

Will. Wim. I apprehended there would be occasion for some better Musick than ordinary to-day, *Sir Rogers*; and so I order'd the *Worcester* Waits to come.

Sir Rog. You did very well, *Billy*, — So there will. I'm glad you thought on't — We shall want you, as soon as Dinner's over, for the Entertainment. — You'll be sure to be in the Way. [*To the Fiddlers,*

Fiddlers. We will, *Sir Roger*. [*Exeunt Fiddlers*
Enter Ned.

Ned. I thought it wou'dn't be amiss to acquaint you, Sir, that the Neighbours have been some time in the next Room. They were afraid to enter in here, because they understood your Honour had Company.

Sir Rog. Modest Heart! We'll go to them then. Gentlemen, you know the Way. [*Exeunt.*

End of the First Act.



Enter between the Acts a Country Lad and a Country Lass.

Lad. We shall dine i'the Kitchen, *Peggy*, if you will, we'll steal a Dance while *Sir Roger's* at Dinner.

Peggy. With all my Heart. [*A Dance.*

A C T.



A C T. II.

SCENE, *A large Room.*

Master of the Shew (to several People at the Door.)

WALK in, Gentlemen and Ladies, and see the Sight.

A Woman. What have you got to be seen ?

Master. A Parcel of the most unaccountable Creatures you ever set your Eyes on.

A Gentleman. Of What Kind ?

Master. Of the human Kind, Sir.

Gentleman. Dead, or alive ?

Master. Alive, and alert as any *Frenchman*.

Gent. Of what Country ?

Master. Ah, Sir ! the more's the Pity——but indeed they are all *English*.——I hope you are so too, Gentlemen and Ladies ; for, I must own, I'm not a little scrupulous of exposing 'em to *Foreigners*.

Sir Rog. Thou'rt a very honest Fellow——Come, we'll all go in.

Enter a Croud, and seat themselves on Benches.

Master. You'll please to take Notice, Gentlemen and Ladies ; that, being entirely in the Power, and at the Disposal of their Follies, my personages will appear like real Mad Folks.——Regardless of the Company about them, they'll talk to themselves, and sing to themselves, and behave in so ridiculous a Manner, that you can't help fancying you're in *Bedlam* ; while, in fact, they are no more Luniticks than all the Pretty Fellows and Fine Ladies about Town. Their Condition is not the Want of Sense, but a Misapplication of it.

Sir Rog. A terrible Condition, indeed ! and of most dreadful Consequences !

Master. Without doubt, Sir.——Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, the first Figure that presents itself to you

you is a Person of Family and Fortune, whose sole Delight is in driving Coaches.——He was left with me here, by his Friends, to try Practices upon him, and see if I could possibly fix the Bias the right Way.——This is my Gentleman.

Enter a Person whistling, accoutred like a Coachman.

A Woman. Is he tame? May one speak to him?

Master. I have him in proper Subjection, Madam, —You may say what you please.

Woman. [*Goes to the Person, and pulls him by the Sleeve.*] Pray, Sir, if it isn't too free, may I crave the Favour of your Name?

Per. Name? Ay—Sir Thomas Lovelash.

Woman. What Estate may you have, pray, Sir Thomas?

Sir Thomas. I'm no Conjuror, indeed, Child.

Woman. But what Estate have you at present?

Sir Thomas. Why, if you must know, Mrs. Inquisitive, at present I have but five Thousand a Year.

Woman. Five Thousand a Year! Why, you look more like a common Stage-Driver, than a Man of Fortune.

Sir Thomas. I had rather look so, than like a Duke; and what's that to thee, ha?

Woman. I'm sorry a Gentleman shou'd degrade himself so much, Sir, that's all,

Sir Thomas. [*flourishing his Whip.*]

Je, Jolly.

[*And sings a Tune*]

2d Woman. The Brute sings very well, really.

Master. Exceedingly well.——Ten to one but he sings a Song presently of his own making: He has one that he is mighty fond of, and, in my Opinion, not at all a bad one; for tho' he is as wrong-headed a Creature as you can possibly meet with, the World must allow that he does not, by any means, want Wit.

Sir Thomas (*walks about, and sings.*)

(1)

*I envy not the Brave their Scars,
Tho' got in the most glorious Wars.*

*The Fame of Wits to me's a Yoke,
And all the Muses they invoke.*

(2.)

*The Patriot's Zeal I never felt:
At Beauty I could never melt.
Power I value not a Fig,
Altho' it makes one look so big.*

(3.)

*I've been, for Fashion-sake, at School,
But ne'er robb'd it of a Rule.
In Parli'ment I have a Seat,
But Politicks are all a Cheat.*

(.4)

*The Beau may dress; the Lecher keep;
My good Lord May'r may eat and sleep;
The Man of Law may cheat and thrive;
Enough for me that I can drive.*

[Exit, singing.]

2d Gent. Frantick Creature! 'Tis right, indeed, that he should be confin'd. — But is he really a Member of Parliament?

Master. He was when he made the Song; but was thrown out the last Election, on being heard to say o-ver a Mug of Stout, that he lov'd the Coach-Box better than the Senate-House; and wou'dn't lose a Day's Driving, to save the Liberties of his Country.

Sir Rog. Pray Heaven we may never have such Parliament-Men! Or, if we have, that they may be all of your Houshold, Spectacles of Derision and Abhorrence.

2d. Woman. Well, what's next to be seen?

Master. The next Figure Gentlemen and Ladies, is a Fishermonger's Wife, who (preferring the Example of her Superiors to the doing her Duty) neglected her Family, and was always at *Quadrille*. — Her Husband plac'd her here, to keep her out of Harm's Way, and himself from Destruction. — Her Name is *Lit-tleworth*. — That's she coming in there, mum-bling to herself.

Encor

Enter Littleworth in a Robe, with a Pack of Cards in her Hand.

Littleworth (regardless of the Company.) Dear Spadille ! I'd rather kiss thee than my Husband. *(Kisses a Card.)* And you, my Basso ! than my little Girl *(Kisses another.)* Ye gay Amusements, never, never fly me ! ——— A Pack of Cards is all my Soul delights in ! *(Kisses the Pack)*

Sir Rog. (to himself) Poor Husband and Children ! I pity 'em with all my Heart.

Littleworth sings.

*Oh, what Bliss your Housewives feel,
Purring o'er a Spinning Wheel;
Oh, how charming 'tis to sit
Wondering at an Infant's Wit !*

Laughs scornfully.

*Ever rattling,
Nonsense prattling;
Foolish Fondness calls it Wit.*

*Oh, how happy is the Dame,
Drudging till she's blind and lame !
Oh, how sweetly is she blest,
Care preferring to her Rest !
Never squandering,
Ever pond'ring,
All to fill a Husband's Chest !*

Scoffingly.

*Oh, what Fools compar'd to thee,
Cardamanta, and to me !
Oh transporting, rich Delight,
When six Matts attract the Sight !
Sweet Sensation,
Past Relation,
When six Matts attract the Sight !*

[With great Glee, and offers to go.]

1st Woman. (to the Master.) Do, make her sing it again, Sir.

Master.

Master. (to Littleworth.) Madam, Madam, the Song again, if you please.

Littleworth. (Starts) Bless my Soul! you startled me
——I didn't know any Body was here——Come who pays at *Quadrille*?

Master. The Song again, Madam I beseech you.

Littleworth. De tout mon Cœur.

Sir Rog. (to Mr. Spectator.) *French* too!——I'll assure you, a very accomplish'd Gentlewoman!

Littleworth. (sings the Song.) Into t'other Room——
Come, the Things are ready——I shall lose a Day
(Runs out.)

Sir Rog. Vile Hussy! 'Tis well for the poor Fish-monger she's in fast Hold.—Is she a Wit too? Did she make this Song herself Mr.?

Master. Yes, really, Sir, she's a Woman of some Genius, as they call it.——But the Song was made by a Haberdasher of small Ware:——As odd a Rascal, I believe, as you ever met with——He was so infatuated with Politicks and Poetry, that to keep him out of the *Gazette*, his Friends sent him to me.——His Name is *Bifoible*.——You'll see him in an Instant.——Ay, here he comes. (Enter *Bifoible*, with a Book.)

Bifoible [to himself.] They'll never bring Matters to bear, that's certain.——Why am not I at the Head of Affairs? *Machiavel* knew a great deal, and I have studied him thoroughly.——But it don't signify talking, they will have their Way.——Sure poor *England* never was at so great a loss for Genius's as at present.——I must write Politicks my self, or the Nation will never know her true Interest.——And then for Poetry——ha, ha, ha.——It makes me laugh to think what a Pack of Rhymers we have!——They may talk of their *Popes* and their *Addisons*, (here *Sir Roger* pulls *Mr. Spectator* by the Sleeve) and their I don't know who-alls, but I'd lay all the Tape in my Shop, that I'm a better Poet than any of 'em. Can they make a Song like mine? Not they, truly, with all their Crambo Noddles put together.——And by my Faith,
Song-

Song-Writing is the very Characteristick of a true, sublime, poetick Fancy.

[Sings.] *Dirty Traffick! fly me, fly me,
Gentle Muses! lend your Aid.*

Machi'vel be ever nigh me;

I've too fine a Taste for Trade. Fa, la.

Curse me, if I don't think they're four as genteel Lines as e'er were penn'd by *Waller*.

[Sings 'em again and Exit.]

1st Gentleman. The very Counterpart, this Fellow, of *Jack Whiffler* the Plumber.——Rediculous Rogues! I'd give five Pounds, now, methinks, *Jack* was but here.

2d Gentleman. He wou'dn't take the Hint if he was; so blind he is to his own Imperfections; but wou'd swear, I reckon'd that the Picture was drawn for the Parson of the Parish.

1st Gentleman. Ay, the knowledge of one's self, indeed, is a Science the Pride of Man will ne'er attain to.

1st Woman. Well, Master, have you any Thing else to shew us?

Master. I have.——The next figures, Gentlemen, and Ladies that present themselves, are a Couple of thorough bred *frenchified* travell'd Creatures, who think it an abomination to look like *English* Folks: and had as leif be without an Estate as to be oblig'd to spend it at Home: their Conversation is very impertinent, and I'm almost mad every now and then with the racket they make; for they have got a parcel of Nonsense set to Musick, and are always warbling, and whining it about my House like an Opera.—You must know, I am one of those who prefer Sense to Sound, and of Course a great Enemy to your Opera's.

Sir Roger. Well said! That's true old *English* Taste.

Master. By the flutter, and the rustling, I fancy *Mordish* and *Belinda* are coming.

2d Woman. The People you are speaking of, ar'n't they, Sir?

Master.

Master. Yes, Madam. [Modish and Belinda fly into the Room from different Doors. Both dress a-la

Francoise.]

Belinda sings to the Tune of On the Banks of Pinks, &c.

1.

Belinda. What say you to my Taste, Sir?

Modish sings. I say 'tis a-la mode.

Belinda. I hate to be strait lac'd, Sir.

Modish. Your Notion, Madam's good,

Your Notion, Madam's good.

2.

Belinda. This Robe's from the French Nation.

Modish. 'Tis right it shou'd be so.

Belinda. I hate the English Fashion,

Both. { It ne'er made Bell, or Beau,

} It ne'er made Bell or Beau.

3.

Belinda. This Air too I imported. (swims about.)

Modish. This Bow I bought in France, (bows.)

Ma Duchesse thus I courted, (Very airy.)

With Snuff-box and a Dance.

With Snuff-box and a Dance.

(Taking Snuff, and dancing about.)

4.

Belinda. O fort, agréable!

Modish. To France the Praise is due,

La Manière si aimable!

She gave to me and you,

Both. — She gave to me and you!

5.

Belinda. Kneel Britons to your Neighbour

Modish. A grateful Homage pay;

She's made you cease from Labour,

Both. { And thus to spend the Day!

} And thus to spend the Day!

(frisking about)

Gentlemen. Encore Encore.

Modish. (Starts, and looks about.)

Encore? What? D'ye take us for Players?

Master

Master, Sing the Song again, 'tis I desire it. (*they sing and exeunt.*)

ist Woman, Who are these People, pray?

Master. They are of very considerable Rank, and therefore, it is the more abundantly necessary to confine 'em. — Whenever a leading Person is a wrong-headed one, he shou'd by all Means be sent to me; the inferior sort wou'd otherwise catch his Vagaries, and be ruin'd — I tremble when I tell you of it, but our great Folks have contracted such a scandalous Veneration for *France*, that, in a Year or two more, the very Plough-men will sing you a *Chanson à boire!* and *baise moi* be the first Word your Children will learn at nurse! Unless, by this new Method of locking up the diseased, the distemper may be hindred from spreading.

Sir. Roger. 'Tis a worthy Institution! And I wish it Success with all my Heart.

Master. I have an other Couple, Gentlemen, and Ladies, not at all behind Hand in Folly, and the Fashion, with those you have already seen. One of 'em is a Barber, and the other a Toy-man's Wife. —

The Barber is the best Dancer, perhaps in *England*, but the idlest Rogue in the Universe, and the worst Shaver. — The Woman was brought up at the Boarding-School, and says her Learning sha'n't be thrown away. She wou'd be for ever flirting it at Balls, and Assemblies, to shew to the World what a Proficient she was in Error, and how mightily she excell'd in a Mistake; till, tired with repeated Insults and Elopements, the wretched Husband brought her hither.

"Here, says he to me, my Friend, only undo what the Boarding-School has done, and I'll make you a Present of a hundred Guineas: In the Scheme of Thinking and Practice she's now in, I cannot possibly maintain her; her Education will be my Ruin."

An ordinary Woman. I'm sorry I sent my *Bridget* to *Hackney* — I'm sure she isn't a bit the more dutiful for't.

Master.

Master. What Fortune can you give her?

Woman. About a hundred Pound, may be.

Master. Take her home with all Speed, — Let her learn to get her Living, and to be frugal, that when she comes to act in Life, instead of being polite, she may be useful; instead of a fine Dancer, a good House-wife.

Sir Rog. Right.

Master. O, here comes my Gentry.

Enter a Man and Woman dancing; they dance a Minuet, and exeunt.

1st Gentleman. They really dance exceedingly well. I think they shou'd do nothing but dance: They might make a handsome Provision for their Families, and in the Way too that they like.

Master. Ah! Sir, — they are so thoroughly wrong-headed, so thoroughly in Taste, that, if Dancing was their Calling, they'd never dance. — The Barber likes it, he says, as a genteel Accomplishment, but cou'dn't, by any means, away with it for a Profession. — And Madam, truly, on her Husband's proposing to bring her on the Stage, gave him a swinging Box on the Ear, with a "Ho'now, Reptile, hast forgot my Education?"

2d Gentleman. Quite Frenzy! — The Woman's Case is downright Madness.

An ordinary Man. 'Tis a very common Case, I'm sure, call it what you will. — I have just such a Slut of a Wife my self, and I'll lodge her here too. — But what Methods do you take, Friend, to cure these Objects?

Master. I keep 'em low, — I give 'em good Counsel, — and I whip 'em, — Spare Diet, and a little Jerking, in these Cases, are of admirable Use. I have done Miracles with 'em; for within these six Months, out of but a hundred and fifty Belles, Beaus, Quadrillers, Poets, Politicians, and such like, I have made, at least, half a Dozen reasonable Creatures.

1st Gentlemen. You have done Miracles, indeed! Go on, and prosper. — We have seen all, I suppose?

Master. All, Sir.

Sir Rog. There, honest Friend. (*Gives the Master Money.*) there's something for your Trouble. — And may the Shame of being made a Scoff and Derisior. — the Dread of Confinement — — and the Fear of a Whipping-bout, keep us All within Bounds. — — May we evermore act properly and in Character ; and be able to furnish out a Scene, by way of Opposition to this, that shall be a Glory to the Nation, and an Honour to the Species. And so your Servant.

Master. Gentlemen and Ladies, your most obedient,
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE changes to another Room.

Enter Sir Roger and Mr. Spectator, Mr. Worthy and the two Gentlemen following.

Mr. Spectator (*to Mr. Worthy.*) Your Servant, Sir, I was afraid we had lost you.

Sir Rog. No ; Mr. Worthy was so kind as to be Prompter : I thank him ; but there was very little Need of any ; they were all as perfect in their Parts, really, as one could wish. — — Well, how d'y'e like the Thing, Sir ? [*To Mr. Spectator.*]

Mr. Spectator. Mightily.

Sir Rog. I thought the Fear of exposing his Country to the Contempt of Foreigners (at the beginning of the Piece) was very pretty and honest of the Author.

Mr. Spec. It was so — — very Praise-worthy.

1st Gentleman. We must take Leave, Sir Roger.

Sir Rog. Be quiet — — We'll talk about that a Week hence. — Here's Ned has somewhat to say to us.

Enter Ned.

Ned. The Neighbours desire to know, Sir, if they mayn't have the old Dance.

Sir Rog. Merry Souls ! — — Ay, by all Means, Ned. — — Desire 'em to come in. (*Exit Ned. And enter Neighbours, Mr. Wimble, Miss, and Suky.*)

Sir Rog. (*to the Musick.*) Play old Roger.

(*A Country Dance.*)

Sir Rog. Well, Neighbours, you'll divert yourselves the Remainder of the Evening as you like best. — My Cupboard, you know, is open ; my Cellar unlockt ;
D. the

the Fiddlers and my Servants entirely at your Beck,—
Eat, drink, dance, and be as jovial as you will.

Neighbours. Thank your Honour and Worship.

Miss Wim. (*to the Neighbours.*) Come then, we'll
go into the Hall, and play at Questions and Commands.

Suky. And I know what I'll Command you.

Miss Wim. What ?

Suky. I'll command you to kiss that strange Gentle-
man there (*Pointing to Mr. Spectator.*)

Miss Wim. I'll be even with you then, I promise
you. For I'll command you not to kiss any Man, nor to
let any Man kiss you. Gentlemen, your Servant.

(*Exeunt Miss Wimble, Suky, and Neighbours.*)

(*Manent Sir Roger, Mr. Spectator, Mr. Wimble,
Mr. Worthy, and Gentlemen.*)

Sir Rog. Now, Gentlemen, if you please, we'll go
drink a sober Bottle, and toast our Friends get to Bed
in good Time — and in the Morning take our Guns.
My Neighbours will be here again to-morrow, Sir, [*To
Mr. Spect.*] and, if we can find out no better Diver-
sion for you then, than you have had to-day. I think
we must e'en put up with the same.

Mr. Spec. I don't know how we can mend ourselves,
indeed, *Sir Roger.*

Sir Rog. Thus it is we spend our *Christmas* in the
Country; chearfully, not wantonly; in honest Mirth,
and Pleasure that brings no Pain.

FINIS.



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